



THE TRAGEDY  
OF HAMLET  
PRINCE OF  
DENMARK.

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.*

**B**

*Ar.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay answer me, stand and unfold your selfe.

*Bar.* Long live the King.

*Fran.* Barnardo?

*Bar.* Hee.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your houre.

*Bar.* 'Tis now firooke twelve: get thee to bed *Francisco*.

*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sicke at heart.

*Bar.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Bar.* Well, goodnight:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?

*Hora.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Liegemen to the Dane.

A 2

*Fran.*